# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

## THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL.

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
  Budded and blossomed in God's free light.
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
  Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall,
  Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
  With never a thought of fear or pride;
And it followed the light through the crevice's length,
  And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view,
  Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
  Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve,
  And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive—
  The rose still grows beyond the wall.

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
  Just as it did in days of yore;
Just as it did on the other side,
  Just as it will forevermore.

—A. L. Frink.

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

# THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley


## A CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR FOR STUDENTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Mention was made in The Pacific last week of the plan to employ a minister who has had successful experience with college students as a pastoral worker among the students of the University of California.

The work will be conducted in accordance with suggestions made by a committee of ministers of different denominations, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. workers, and university professors, which, after earnest deliberation, concluded that the work of the individual churches or denominations could be best done by locating student pastors in homes rather than in institutions or guild halls. The finding of this committee was that an interdenominational agency is indispensable; that the best agency is the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., and that these should be fostered and supported by the churches. The recommendation was that "the student pastor should be officially related to these associations and should make them his agencies for all work within the University other than that of a strictly denominational nature."

Inasmuch as the conclusion of this committee was that the guild hall plan, adopted in recent years in some universities, is not the best plan, readers of this article will be interested doubtless in knowing the names and positions of the persons arriving at this conclusion. They are: Professors Kofoid, Hatfield, Minor and Biddle of the University; the Rev. George Eldredge, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, the Rev. A. A. Hicks, the student pastor employed by the Presbyterians; the Rev. H. R. Miles, pastor of the First Congregational Church; the Rev. Mr. Parsons of the Episcopal Church; the Rev. H. Loken, pastor of the Christian Church; the Rev. Mr. Robbins, of the Baptist Church; Messrs. Cherington and Devendorf, secretaries of the University Y. M. C. A., and Miss McCreery, secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

It is worthy of note that the Presbyterian Board of Education, which for some time has been supporting religious work at several state universities, went on record recently as follows:

"Resolved, that the Board, while recognizing the need of pursuing different policies based upon local conditions at each university center, affirms its unalterable conviction that the personal work of the university pastor with the individual students is fundamental in this work, and that this pastoral care of students, leading up to contact with the local church, is absolutely necessary to the success of the movement and the spiritual welfare of the student body."

In 1870 the state universities of this country had 6,700 students; in 1880 the number was 10,100; in 1890 it was 22,816, having more than doubled in ten years. By 1900 the number had more than doubled again, and was 45,417. It more than doubled between 1900 and 1910, being in the latter year 101,285; and by 1911 it had climbed up to 108,869.

We are living in an era when the country is depending more and more upon the product of the universities for the ablest leaders in a wide variety of the walks and works of life.

It is not surprising accordingly that the secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education should have said recently: "The churches must now recognize that the responsibility for providing for the religious life of students in state universities is as definite as that for maintaining the church college."

The conclusion of this Board, as voiced by its secretary, Dr. Hughes, is:

"Student teachers of Bible classes and Christian Associations with youthful leaders are not adequate. The Church can make use of them, but cannot depend upon them. All other subjects are in the hands of trained experts. It is the business of the religious teacher to correlate these subjects, to translate the new learning in terms of faith and apply it to the solution of life problems. If anywhere breadth, maturity, experience and wisdom are required, it is here."

"The realities of science and of religion are in perfect harmony, but the discovery of this harmony must be made by each student. If he is to make it he needs the wise experienced guidance of one who knows both science and religion."

No one should think because of this concern of late for university students that the state universities are Godless and dangerous institutions. No one knows better what they are than John R. Mott, who said not long ago:

"The state universities are surprisingly religious and Christian. Over one half of the students in state universities have Christian affiliations in the sense of being members of Christian churches. Three-fourths of the professors in the state universities are Christian men. Practically every one of the presidents of state universities are Christian men. The conditions in state universities are such as to make possible the development of a Christian student movement which is profoundly ethical, altruistic, and aggressively Christian."

But in these great educational centers it is not possible, for various reasons, for the professors to come in touch with the students in such a way as to meet their varied needs religiously. Writing on "Religious Life at the University of Michigan," Mr. Willington H. Tinker of Ann Arbor mentions the absorption which leads to other things being given the right of way. "Whatever investment of time or thought the student may chance to give to religion is so small as to net him no appreciable dividend. Consequently his interest wanes." Mr. Tinker says fur-

ther: "The subject of religion, though, is unavoidable in any modern university. Science raises questions that puzzle men. Sociology troubles them not a little. Philosophy likewise disturbs some of the old creeds that have been lying around unused. All this is inevitable; and the result would be well, if the men would think their way through; but such thinking is hard work, and other things are more interesting. Religion has meant little to many of them. It has been shadowy and unreal. Why bother about it now? If necessary it can be attended to when college days are over. So, large numbers of them reason; and this accounts in no small degree for whatever lapses in church attendance or morals may have taken place." Mr. Tinker says that he is far from affirming that this is a universal experience or that it is peculiarly true of the University of Michigan. Nor would he affirm that this tendency is greater among college and university young men than among others. On the contrary he expresses the conviction that college and university men are in general far superior in morals and far more responsive to religious appeals than any other group of men. Nevertheless the conclusion is that it seems to be true that "the average college and university man, unless great pressure is brought to bear from some unusual source, is supremely interested in things other than religion."

If, now, the Congregational churches of California meet the Education Society apportionment, money will be in hand to finance this work in our State University. Meet it!

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## THE INQUIRY INTO GOVERNOR FREAR'S ADMINISTRATION IN HAWAII.

The visit of Secretary Fisher of the Department of the Interior to Hawaii turned out as we thought it would and Governor Frear is to be reappointed as soon as congress reassembles. "The Friend," a Honolulu publication, says that the charges against the Governor "evaporated into thin air when the sun of inquiry struck them." It is stated that the very first day of the investigation showed that the charges were not Delegate Kuhio's charges at all, that he was merely the stool-pigeon for a coterie of politicians; and that all through the investigation the congressional delegate cut a sorry figure, being unable to contribute anything of his own to the discussion. The Friend, the editor-in-chief of which is the Dr. Doremus Scudder, the pastor of Central Union Congregational Church of Honolulu, says editorially:

"The inquiry into the official conduct of Governor Frear took the form of a free interchange of opinion by our best informed people regarding the industrial and agricultural conditions throughout the Islands. Nothing of greater educational value has ever been seen here. For the most part men talked without restraint. The current charges against the plantation and transportation interests were fully exploited. The difficulties in the way of a policy of Americanizing Hawaii by bringing in mainland farmers to grow cane for the sugar mills were painstakingly set forth. Out of the mass of light thrown upon our Island problems one fact emerged with unusual brilliance and that was the very great services which Governor Frear has rendered to the public. His grasp of details, his patient mastery of the entire question of small farming, his care in administering the public lands and his wise, patient, farseeing conduct of his office were made plain even to carping critics. The fewness of his mistakes in a position where the most sagacious must perforce err in judgment, was strikingly exhibited. Hawaii certainly has a chief executive of which she may be proud. At the same time the weak points in his administration were made clear in a manner most helpful to a conscientious executive."

The Friend says further that one of the conclusions forced upon every mind by this departmental inquiry was that there is absolute need of a local public utilities commission with generous powers over transportation companies. "The small trader and farmer must have an impartial tribunal to which he may freely resort, knowing that it will champion his rights against the encroachments of large rivals and unscrupulous common carriers."

It is stated also that another outcome will in all probability be a fairer trial than ever before of the experiment of encouraging the planting of cane by small proprietors. "The odds seem somewhat against the success of the experiment but Secretary Fisher's visit has certainly increased the disposition of the large sugar interests to be not only fairer but generous in striving to contribute to the success of this undertaking. The desired end is so great that the wish for success is doubtless father to the expectation that the experiment may succeed under better auspices. Not the least benefit accruing to the Territory from this study of local conditions is the habit of speaking our opinions fearlessly, the formation of which it has fostered. Men have recovered the use of the tongue. Free speech is an unmixed good and there has been too much use of the muzzle in Hawaii, a muzzle self-applied through dread, often an unjustifiable dread, of possible consequences. Years ago there was foundation for this fear, but not so much of late. It will be easier, however, to be frank after the mutual free disclosures of the past month."

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## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

One-third of the Presbyterian churches in the Synod of California did not contribute to home missions during the last year. The Pacific Presbyterian says: "Eliminating those that are pastorless and comatose there are still a large number negligent of this pressing responsibility."

Three fourths of the 375,000 people living in Utah are Mormons. Outside of the two large cities, Salt Lake and Ogden, and three mining towns about 95 out of every 100 persons are Mormons. There are in Utah 300 towns having fifty or more inhabitants, and in 218 of these are none but Mormon religious societies.

Money is being raised in the Hawaiian Islands for a new church building for the leper colony at Kalaupapa and Kalawao. The old one, in use many years, is in such a decayed condition that a new one is imperative. The aim is to raise $7,000, and use it for a new building and for the fitting up of another old building as a reading room. Noble Hawaiian ministers have carried on Christian work in the leper colony ever since it was established.

Occidental College at Los Angeles has eleven different religious denominations represented in its freshman class of 96 persons. They are Presbyterian, Methodist, United Presbyterian, Christian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal Free Methodist, Lutheran, Unitarian, Christian Science, and Roman Catholic. Ten different states are represented which leads a Los Angeles correspondent to remark: "This

is another evidence that Los Angeles is becoming an especially attractive place to the whole United States."

The Rev. Robert Walker of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, spoke at the meeting of the Synod of California recently in San Francisco. The Pacific Presbyterian reports him as saying that experience had taught him that teaching and preaching were not enough. "It is the duty of the Christian church to exhibit Jesus Christ in the lives of its membership. In this way the church becomes a distributor of divine power. In this utilitarian age Christianity, to be effective, must be real, and there is no salvation without sacrifice."

Plymouth Church, Oakland, has the following on its calendar: **"Our Object**—To bring joy to little children; Instruction and high ideals to youth; Inspiration to men and women in the midst of life; To labor together for a better civilization of brotherly men." Following this is: **"Our Fellowship**—Not dependent on identity of theological opinion; Nor of outward circumstances; nor of denominational name; But growing from a common loyalty to Jesus Christ; A common passion to serve the world; A common purpose to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God."

The students at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo come from five sources principally, from Occidental College at Aos Angeles; Albany in Oregon, Whitworth at Tacoma, Washington; Park in Missouri, and Macalester in Minnesota. This year not a single student came from the coast colleges. Park graduated only one candidate for the ministry, and he did not come to San Anselmo. Macalester graduated one—a Baptist, however. Next year it is expected that Occidental will furnish several, as well as Park and Macalester. It is said that in the high schools of the coast there are several promising young men who are looking toward the ministry in the Presbyterian Church.

Buddhist or Christian? Which shall it be in Hawaii? asks a writer in "The Friend" of Honolulu. The statement in that connection is: "In some particulars the Buddhists have the right of way. The Japanese who have come to Hawaii are in their native element in a Buddhist atmosphere. A vigorous propaganda, under the leadership of numerous priests, is seeking to retain the Buddhist hold on the masses of our Japanese population. This propaganda has established temples and shrines and schools all over Hawaii. As yet the Buddhists are preponderant in number. Indeed the Christians are comparatively a feeble folk. But there are elements in the situation that promise better things for our Christian missions among this portion of our population. One of these is to be found in the new adaptations that this Oriental population is coming to undergo in undertaking to settle down in a land where the prevailing standards and the spirit of the institutions are predominantly and pervasively Christian. The modern Japanese is pre-eminently progressive. Many who are resident here are unlikely ever to return to the land of their birth and to the conditions to which they have always been accustomed. They have broken some of the old ties in the mere fact of their change of residence. More ties are sure to be broken. New claims find responsive hearing. In a word, they are open-minded and likely to do their own thinking." To them in this open-mindedness comes the Christian religion, saying, "Let us reason together." And this challenge of the religion of Christ to the best that is in men, it is said, is being heeded by some of the most promising young Japanese in Hawaii. There is considerable increase in the membership of the Japanese churches, and they are making self-denying gifts for houses of worship and for preaching services.

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## AT EVENTIME.

Several weeks ago there appeared on the cover page of The Pacific a poem with the foregoing title, which was published anonymously, inasmuch as we did not know who had written it. By an oversight it was not even in quotation marks. Last week we learned that James Arnold Blaisdell, president of Pomona College, Claremont, California, is the author of the poem.

Inasmuch as there was an error in the last stanza when it appeared in The Pacific which greatly marred the poem, and the stanzas were not in proper order, we give the poem here in correct form.

It is one that many of our readers will wish to keep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep;
The storms are raging on God's deep—
God's deep, not thine; be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep;
God's love is strong while night hours creep—
God's love, not thine; be still asleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep;
God's hand shall still the tempest's sweep—
God's hand, not thine; be still and sleep.

To-night, my soul, be still and sleep;
God's heaven will comfort those who weep—
God's heaven and thine; be still and sleep;

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## HOME RULE IN TAXATION.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Chas. M. Bufford of San Francisco, the body of which is quoted:

"I saw your editorial in this week's Pacific on Home Rule in Taxation. I think that it makes the fundamental mistake of distrusting the people. If the people are capable to rule at all, a political subdivision is as competent to determine the system of taxation as the whole state. Rhode Island is little larger than either San Francisco or Los Angeles; and in area is smaller than some of the sparsely settled counties of California; and yet has the right to determine its own system of taxation. Why should not either San Francisco or Los Angeles, or Modoc County have that right? Are not the people of California as capable of self-government as that little piece of America we call Rhode Island?

"Passing from this fundamental question to another phase of your argument, I desire to inquire whether the present system of land tenure has divine right behind it. This seems to be behind your argument. But is it right that the Vanderbilts and many others should become multi-millionaires because their fathers happened to buy, unwittingly certain lots in New York City? That accident of fortune is no reason why their descendants should have any more possessions than others of equal merit and industry

with themselves. In other words, I believe that the present system of land tenure is going to be subjected to great modifications—along socialistic lines if you please. There is no justification in absentee ownership of farming lands, or of forests or mineral deposits which are the common birthright of all the people. There is too much control of the opportunities of the present by the dead hand of the past. These things need correction, and if, as you think, home rule in taxation is to be an entering wedge in the direction of their reform, let us have it."

To advise against Home Rule in Taxation is not to distrust the people. We advise against it believing that it would bring demoralization and confusion because of such subdivision of territory. Professor Plehn of the University of California, who is secretary of the State Commission on Revenue and Taxation, says:

Taxation in any form is not a matter of local concern, like control of streets and sewers, because it inevitably affects the movement of capital and the channels of trade from one community to another. It follows that a confusion of tax systems through which capital accumulated at one point and unable to find sufficient investment there may desire to move will result in a hampering of industry and commerce, a lessening of investments and restraint upon development.

"With several thousand political subdivisions empowered to frame their own revenue systems it would be impossible for anybody to keep track of the rates or time of taxation, so that capital seeking investment would become so shy that it would be practically withdrawn."

The present system of land tenure does not have divine right behind it; and we believe also that it is going to be modified. If, however, the voters of California desire to strike a hard and very deadly blow at the development so confidently expected with the opening of the Panama Canal, let them adopt home rule in taxation, and, in addition to the demoralization of our tax system thus brought about, open up the way for a single tax agitation in the various counties and municipalities of the state.

The holders of vast estates can be reached and adequately taxed in ways that will not strike down the men or women with moderate means.

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## IN WESTERN NICARAGUA.

**By William Frederic Bade.**

The greatest work ever undertaken by the hand of man is nearing completion on the Isthmus of Panama. New Zealand, Australia, and the South American republics are enlarging the dock facilities of their principal ports in anticipation of cargoes which new merchant navies will carry through the portals of the twin seas. Meanwhile both prospects and present activities are attracting the attention of American and European capital to the rich western coasts of the Central American republics. Until recently, their chief claims to attention have been their never ceasing political rows, with disgusting accompaniments of bloodshed and brutality. At the present time our government is engaged in trying to restore peace and protect life and property in Nicaragua, which, in a figurative as well as a real sense, is the most volcanic member of the Central American household.

Nicaragua comprises a remarkably rich territory of fifty thousand square miles with a population of over half a million. The most picturesque part of the republic borders upon the Pacific Ocean, remote from the swampy lowlands of the Mosquito Coast. One susceptible to the charm of southern seas will not soon forget a cruise in the Gulf of Fonseca. I well remember the fragrant June morning that found us abeam of the headland surmounted by Conchagua Volcano. Beautiful palm-girt islands began to rise out of the mist as the "Peru" turned her prow toward the head of the Gulf. Behind the islands spacious bays, bordered by luxuriant tropical vegetation, melted away into the blue haze of volcanic highlands.

The finest cluster of harbors on the Central American coasts is found in the Gulf of Fonseca and they are divided among the three republics of San Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, whose territory borders upon the Gulf. In view of the proverbially inflammable state of Central American politics it will soon become imperatively necessary for the United States to guarantee the neutrality of these waters in order to insure the safety of domestic and foreign commerce.

Like pillars of Hercules the two volcanoes Conchagua and Coseguina stand at the entrance of the Gulf. The former guards the northern headland on Salvadorean soil, the latter the southern headland on Nicaraguan soil.

I was particularly interested in the latter. Rising from sea-level, it is a sightly object although only three thousand feet high. The upper part of its cone appears truncated like that of many other Central American volcanoes. The crater is half a mile in diameter and one of the most impressive I have ever seen. Its interior walls drop perpendicularly to a depth of two hundred feet. At the bottom is a small transparent lake occasionally obscured by volumes of smoke that rise from numerous solfataras and seem to indicate the resumption of activity.

The terrible eruption of this volcano, in 1835, still lives in the memory of Nicaraguans. In January of that year fearful explosions rent the sky and shook the country over a radius of a hundred miles. Clouds of smoke and ashes blotted out the skies and spread an impenetrable pall of dust and darkness over land and sea. Volcanic sand fell over an area of a thousand miles and sailors reported the sea a mass of floating pumice for a distance of fifty leagues from shore.

The disturbance lasted for several days and then gradually subsided. An enormous crater was found to have opened from which a stream of lava had flowed into the sea on one side and into the Gulf of Fonseca on the other. The once verdant sides of the mountain rose seamed and scarred above a desolation of ashes that had buried all vegetation for a distance of fifty miles inland.

Nature has completely obliterated the damage during the intervening seventy-seven years. But in palm groves that have risen from the volcano's ejecta children's children still tell with bated breath the story **de la erupcion del vol san de Coseguina.** It may be pertinent to remark in passing that an interesting, but corrupt, kind of Spanish is spoken on the west coast of Nicaragua. The old Indian languages have almost entirely disappeared.

Being the terminus of the railroad to Leon and Managua, Corinto is now the principal port of the republic. Its ancient name was Port of Realejo. It is along this route that American marines were recently sent into the interior to rescue the inmates of a girls' school in the ancient city of Granada, situated on the shore of Lake Nicaragua. My friend William Richards, of Cambridge University, and I had

some very interesting experiences in this region, which, however, it would take a longer article than this to relate.

Readers of recent press reports will recall that a short distance from the Granada, at a place called Masaya, the train of American marines was denied passage by Nicaraguan rebels. In the language of the Chorotegans Mesaya means "the burning mountain," and is the name applied to one of the most active and imposing volcanoes of Central America. With its streams of hardened lava, radiating ten or fifteen miles from the base, it dominates a cinder-strown plain which the Spaniards in Oviedo's day had already fitly named **mal pais**, "bad land." Masaya was active in 1670, 1782, 1857, and in 1902. The Spanish chronicler Oviedo visited it in 1529 and has left an interesting description of what was then called **El Infierno de Masaya**, "The Hell of Masaya." He recites the fact that he went up Mount Vesuvius in 1501 with the Queen of Naples, remaining there all night with her party, and that then they visited Mount Etna in Sicily. After a long enumeration of other volcanoes known at the time he wrote, Oviedo continues: "But it seems to me that none of these volcanoes are to be compared with that of Masaya, which, as I have said, I have seen and examined myself." It would be difficult to find in all the chronicles of the fifteenth century a more interesting narrative than Oviedo's account of his ascent of Masaya at night in company with the cazique of Nindiri, two Indians, and a negro.

Nearly four hundred years have elapsed since then but the fires of Mesaya still are burning. In the neighborhood are numerous **infernillos**. The gases arising from them are not visible in the day-time. But at night lambent blue masses of flame play over the fissured volcanic crust and light up the tropical forest with their weird illumination. The beautiful little pueblo of Nindiri, also, is still there. Above its smooth avenue tropical trees entwine their branches to form a fragrant, evergreen roof. Indian women, naked to the waist, ply their household duties in front of their simple dwellings. Others sit in the plaza beside carts overflowing with oranges, melons, aguacates, jocotes, onions, yuccas, papayas, and many other blushing, luscious fruits of the country. I still seem to hear the musical voices of the comely **vendedoras** chanting:

**"Tengo narangas, papayas, jocotes, Melones de agua, de oro, zapatoes, Quieren a comprar?"**

"I have oranges, papayas, jocotes, Melons of water, of gold, and zapotes, Will you buy?"

In the immediate vicinity of Masaya is a long, dark ravine upon whose smooth rocky sides is sculptured a series of semi-pictorial inscriptions. Some of the symbols suggest Aztec connections. But even if such a relationship could be established, our present scanty knowledge of the Aztecan and Mayan civilization would be quite insufficient to solve the enigma of their meaning. Oviedo relates that Indian caciques told him of religious exercises and sacrifices which were statedly performed on the edge of the crater of Masaya Volcano. Human sacrifices appear to have formed a part of the ritual. The deity was supposed to dwell within the crater of the volcano.

There is reason to think that the above-mentioned ravine, with its mysterious inscriptions, was dedicated to what one may appropriately call the volcanic religion of the aboriginal inhabitants of Nicaragua. That the cult in question involved in some way the deification of volcanic forces is made still more probable by the remarkable sculptural remains on the island of Zapatero in Lake Nicaragua. There under the shadow of Ometepec Volcano seems to have been one of the great central sanctuaries. Dozens of extraordinary monuments, many of them human figures of heroic size and good workmanship, are to be seen above ground. How much lies hidden beneath the sod, or under dense vegetation, remains to be determined.

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## CHRISTIANS IN PERAMBULATORS.

**W. N. Burr.**

A missionary, home on a furlough, said recently something like this: "I am astounded at the seeming lack of **heart** religion here in America. I am beginning to feel that America is becoming more heathen than Korea. You know all about the latest picture-shows here, but comparatively there seem to be so few Americans who have a deep sense of Jesus Christ, and an impelling love for Him. You are even refusing to attend your church services unless the sublime teachings of the Master are crowded into the background, and you are entertained at church. This lust for entertainment is making a weak, sloppy-minded people of you. Why, the little children in our Korean Sunday schools know the teachings of Christ better, and have a deeper sense of the profound things of life than the majority of people that I find in the American churches. You are not feeding on the Bread of Life as the Korean Christians are. God grant that you may wake up to your condition and your danger before you have plunged America into rank heathenism by your awful disregard of the **heart** of the whole matter."

These **words** are my own, not the missionary's. I was careful to write "he said **something** like this." I have not his exact words before me, nor did I hear his utterance. I may have misquoted him somewhat; but the above paragraph is based upon somewhat similar remarks recently made by a missionary from Korea, as reported to me by a friend.

We are all acquainted with the weak, snap-judgment religious man—and woman!—who seeks after religion in the rest of us and finds it not, and goes about like a roaring lion or a troublesome gnat, as the case may be, saying hard things about us. We may imagine this missionary to be a man of that sort; but is it not possible that he is not a man of that sort, but an earnest-hearted, wide-visioned, deep-souled prophet who speaks as the true prophets of God spoke in the olden time, or like that later prophet who, in lines written to a young clergyman prayed

> "Speak through him words of power and fear,
> As through thy prophet bards of old,
> And let a scornful people hear
> Once more thy Sinai-thunders rolled."

Judging by utterances heard at some of the recent meetings of the Congregational Ministerial Union of Los Angeles not a few of our ministers down this way are beginning to feel that the man would be more than half right who would say such things as I have reported the missionary from Korea as saying. And this is a body of thoughtful, con-

servative men, who are not likely to be jumping at conclusions impelled by the weakling's itch to criticize. Watchmen on the towers of conservatism though they are, their vision of the signs of the times reveals a lamentable tendency toward Galatian apostacy and Laodicean lukewarmness, under the pressure of modern-life conditions, which demands heroic resistance on the part of those who would live godly in this present world.

If, by contrast, America is the Thessalonica of today and Korea the Berea, of whose people it was said: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so," we would better be waking up to the fact, and making preparations to follow the lead of the believers in Korea. And was it not Augustine who said: "Hurry is the death of prayer"? If that is another prophet's voice of warning that reveals weakness in the walls which Americcan Christians are building we would better be a little more deliberate in some of our movements, even at the risk of falling a little behind the times—if need be as far behind as the days of Nehemiah, when the people who built walls made their prayer unto their God, and set a watch against their invaders.

But perhaps it is not altogether the "feverish, hurried life of today" that is sapping the spiritual life of our churches. Some people think it is the ministers. A letter came to me a few days ago from a choice old veteran who the Sunday before had listened to a sermon by the President of a certain Theological Seminary. "His subject was 'Loyalty to Christ,'" writes my correspondent, "from Peter's words 'I will lay down my life for thee.' I told him at the close that he had struck the right note, and that our ministers generally seemed to be off the track; and he admitted it sadly."

Perhaps that estimate is overweighted—that "our ministers generally seem to be off the track;" but it will not harm us at all to face it and get down to asking ourselves some questions.

There is a paragraph or two in Dr. F. B. Meyer's "Tried by Fire" that I turn to once in a while when I think it is about time I was looking myself over to see if I am feeding the flock as they ought to be fed. Says Dr. Meyer:

"Well would it be if we were to minister to the regenerated spirits around us more of the pure and unadulterated Word of God! It is this which they really need. They may be attracted and pleased for a time by flowers of rhetoric and the dazzling glow of eloquence; but they will not be satisfied by these things. Underneath all there will be a great hunger for the sincere milk of the Word. And when that word is presented in all its fullness and simplicity, eager appetites will gather around, as bees attracted by the flower-gardens, of the fragrant breath of the heather. Before conversion, wit or eloquence may draw a man to the word, and possibly prove a happy bait to catch him; but when once he is born again then it is the milk itself that he desires. And here surely we are taught the reason why so many Christians around us are so puny and stunted in their growth. They are always needing attention, nursing, wheeling about in perambulators, because their teachers have not provided them with the nutriment which they really need. As unsuitable food, however abundant, will soon tell its own tale on the pinched face of a babe, so the sickly condition of so many Christians sets forth a lamentable complaint of the food with which they are supplied. To say nothing of strong meat, they do not even get the milk. Hence the church of God too much resembles the wards of a children's hospital."

Evidently Dr. Meyer does not find the ministry wholly guiltless. And probably there are those in our ranks—and some who are not in the ranks but wearing the gold-lace of officers—who, in their zeal to prove that Isaiah was another "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" have failed to regard "the Face Divine" that looks out from the pages of our Sacred Book.

How is it, Good Man of the Pulpit—do you find in your congregation that "underneath all there is a great hunger for the sincere milk of the Word?" And if you think it is not there, how do you know it is not there?

But I am not willing to drop the matter with the eye of suspicion fixed upon the ministry, without some testimony that may lighten the charge against us. For example: Dr. Daniel F. Fox, of the First Congregational Church, Pasadena, has just announced a series of evening sermons that are calculated to bring out in bold relief "the Kingly figure of the advancing Christ." He can hardly give his people such a series of sermons without challenging their "hunger for the sincere milk of the Word" if they have such hunger, or creating an appetite for vital things if they have it not. "Consider Christ Jesus," was the text of his first sermon, delivered last Sunday night. The series will include sermons on "The Mission of Christ," "The Mind of Christ," "The Religion of Christ," "The Ruling Ideas of Christ," "The Great Sermon of Christ," "The Social Problem of Christ," "The Ultimate Test of Christ." He preached last Sunday night on "The Fact of Christ."

And let us not forget that it was the pastor of one of the largest Congregational churches on the Pacific Coast who wrote:

"We have seen the church with its tapering spire
But now we would see the Christ;
We have heard the anthem by singing choir,
But now we would see the Christ."

La Canada, California.

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## THE MEASURE OF AN EFFICIENT BUSINESS MAN.

**Roy H. Campbell.**

Stand the measuring rod of public estimation alongside the business man. What mark must he touch to merit the term efficient? That mark is higher today than it ever was before. It has successively passed four notches. Let me indicate in turn what they are.

First, the efficient business man must make money. That ancient standard has never been repealed. At the end of the year, when stock is taken and the balances are figured up there must continue to be a larger sum represented on the credit side than on the debit. Unless his income continues larger than his outgo he can lay no claim to efficiency. It is not so easy a standard to meet steadily year after year as some of us may imagine. The higher price which labor commands, and rightly commands as most of us are willing to grant, the keener edge constantly given to competition, the increasing demand for better goods or more skillful service on the part of the consumer, all this bears down with its full weight on the side

against the dividends. An alert brain ready to see opportunities, a trained intellect sure to read the signs of the world of trade, a disciplined will quick to say yes or no a hundred times a day, an understanding of men, both the employe and consumer, these must be in the possession of the business man, big or little, if year after year he is to make money in his own work. When I see the men of this community or any other community holding that standard constantly before them, letting it command their time, and cut off their ease, at seasons driven by it relentlessly I am moved with a profound respect. Together they build our homes, put bread and meat on our tables, clothe us and in large measure bear the responsibility of the material things which make up our civilization. While doing all this the efficient business man must make money.

The business man must reach a second notch to be efficient. He must make his money honestly. We are not content to give a man a pass mark simply because he makes money. Yankee shrewdness must have as its companion Puritan integrity. The size of a man's bank account or the lapse of time between the declaring of dividends, is not sufficient alone to place him among those whom the world today is willing to affirm efficient. We have come to scrutinize means as well as ends in our business world. We ask the question **how** as well as **how much,** and when a business man has made a success far above his fellows we ask that he bring a clean bill of health along with him before we give him his rank in genuine public regard.

Mere shrewdness is not held so much at a premium today. A shady deal is as apt to mark a man's eventual failure as it is to gain him a temporary success in a single transaction. The business world recognizes this. The clerk is rarely instructed to sell goods of inferior value under a name indicating a higher brand. A premium is paid those who can detect flaws in workmanship, and "your money refunded" is a standing challenge to the worth of the goods sold. "Honesty is the best policy" is not a motto to be tacked on the wall before the employees; it is a rock bottom principle of good business holding sway over the employer as well. We sometimes hear of slippery methods and nimble fingered transactions but they come to our attention generally as the firm is going to the wall. Here and there methods may win financial success but such men do not hold a place either in public opinion or in the esteem of their fellow workmen which can by any stretch of charity be deemed efficient. Brass knuckles are not the mark of a skillful fighter, in any corner of the world.

There is another notch a business man must reach to be put permanently in this class. He must make money; he must make it honestly but meanwhile he must keep his health. A productive harness, with a clean, square record of achievement, is discounted if at fifty the body is broken and the nervous system shattered. No longer can a man hold himself to his business, sinking in it his health and strength and then stumble along at middle age to a sanitarium for neurasthenia and still retain his place in public esteem. I am not now speaking of those who have to meet some sudden crisis which drains every ounce of their energy or of those who are forced because of the steady pressure of circumstances to exhaust their strength. As far removed as I am in my profession from contact with the stern realities of the business world I am not so ignorant as to rebuke those who are compelled by unrelenting system to the point of breaking. Often such an outcome is the token of unshrinking fidelity. But the others, and how many there have been, who have allowed ambition to be the taskmaster and a false desire for achievement to be their goad. The wrecks of the business world are not caused so much by the icebergs or rocks along the course as by the insane desire for a speed record which dominates the man at the helm. Public opinion is a strong tool for shaping men and the tasks they do. It is coming to declare that the business man who sells his health for vanity is a fool. The business world is answering to the challenge of that opinion. The nervous, hurried supply man, no matter how many levers of trade his shaky hands may control, is not put in the first rank today. I have in mind a store in San Diego. It is one of the best on the coast. The man who owns it and shapes its policy is a member of our own denomination. Under his supervision it has grown from a modest undertaking to an enterprise of commanding proportions. The man is still unhurried. His interests strike out in every direction, touching our educational, religious and civic life at many points. Books and music and travel command a portion of his time. On every working day he is in his place as surely as the cash boy, but he commands the business; the business does not command him. Such men are counted efficient in the world of trade.

A fourth mark must be reached. The efficient business man treats his employees as human beings and not as machines. His money is made in large part out of the faithful toil of those whom he employs—it ought not to be made out of their distress. We have all eaten Huyler's chocolates. They are good chocolates. I am told that Mr. Huyler was a good business man. In respect to the standard with which we are now dealing he was efficient. During the Christmas season there is likely to be an overwhelming demand upon those who cater to the public wants through the candy trade. So able an establishment as Mr. Huyler's was accustomed to be rushed tremendously at this season of the year. The manager of that enterprise met the access of business which taxed his employees to the utmost with wise care. An extra number of workers was employed to relieve the regular force and in addition to that every girl in his employ had the attention of a skilled chiropodist and a trained nurse during the entire season. He knew that feet grow tired and sore from long standing and that the efficient employer sees to it that those who make his business pay do not suffer what care can prevent. Good wages as much as the worker earns, short hours as short as health and happiness demand, sanitary working quarters, rest rooms, educational clubs—all these not only build up an esprit de corps which tells when the dividends are counted, but build up also in the conscience of the business man a sense that he has done his level best for those who are not only his employees but his brothers and sisters as well. The efficient business man stands shoulder to shoulder with the trade unionists in demanding that there shall be no child labor in the mines and factories and that women shall not wreck their bodies by long hours of toil. He knows it is unfair. He recognizes that money made out of the helpless is not money made efficiently.

There are signs on the horizon too that the worker is to be recognized as a partner rather than as a servant. When we see in large and successful institutions the practice of profit sharing set up, not by long haired dreamers but by practical business men, and when we see extra pay given for extra good "piece work," and special inducements offered for inventions which save extra labor we can

see in actual shape the employee becoming other than a machine. Toil at one piece of work day after day is dull at best. There is not much recompense outside the pay envelope at the end of the week. The efficient employer knows that there must be interest kindled if there is to be interest shown, and that the most effective way to insure that is to treat a worker as a man. The efficient business men recognize this as a part of their trade. These four marks have been passed.

May I point out briefly the last full measure which must I believe be reached by our men of business. It is in the consummation of the industrial order which is to be. Any man who is not blind must see that there is coming a greater day in the work shops of our nation. No one need be a utopian dreamer or a street corner agitator to believe that the tide has set toward co-operative industry. The gigantic trusts have pointed in that direction. This combination of interest has saved energy for those who have united. It would save energy for us all. Industrial democracy is no longer such a far distant dream as it was. The high cost of living has caused the germs of thought to lodge in the minds of those who never thought to welcome them. They have set up their work. Who better should frankly face the situation and set themselves to that heroic task. It will take energy, faith, dauntless courage and endless patience. It will demand business sagacity and good judgment. These are the possessions of business men. They have won them in the midst of their work. The business man of today is engaged in an enterprise larger than the walls of his building or the confines of his factory yard. "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." As he measures up to the full standard of his own trade he, too, may serve the wider interests of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Palo Alto.

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## MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

### Commercial Marine of Panama.

I chose Panama for my field of labor, because it was expected to be an important seaport, and because its reputed pestilential climate made it a "hard" field. Both reasons proved groundless; it was not a home of pestilence, and it did not become a great seaport.

Its commerce was, comparatively, insignificant. There was a line of British steamers, sailing monthly, and connecting Valparaiso with St. Thomas. On these I could do no work, except by occasional visits to Taboga, ten miles away. Of other foreign vessels there were none except an occasional sailing ship from New York, which gave me no way of service except to their sick men in hospitals on shore. Had I known the facts I would never have gone there, and yet, in God's providence, it opened the door to the great field where the work of my life was to be done.

The native commerce of the place was next to nothing. Shall we investigate it? The south and each sides of the city face the sea. On the south, ledges covered with water at high tide only, stretch for a mile seaward. On the east a sand beach, thirty rods long, mostly awash at high tide, shows us the whole native marine of this commercial city. As the tide here is twenty feet or more, all the shipping lies aground far inland, at low tide. There is no pretense of a wharf, and all trade must be done with the beached ships at low tide. What curious craft they are! Their hulls are simple sections of large trees, from twenty to forty feet in length, with rounded ends, the bows a little sharper than the stern, where hangs a badly shaped rudder, consisting of a single roughly-hewn piece of plank, loosely hung on two iron bolts. All the interior of these logs (they are from four to ten feet in diameter) has been dug out with rude tools, and with infinite labor, leaving a shell six inches thick, into which are inserted the feet of the one, two, or three masts on which the few sloop sails are hung. The larger vessels have decks and small, rude cabins. All these vessels are, very properly, called "dug-outs." They cannot be very stable, only their stone or sand ballast keeping them from rolling over, but as they rarely go out of sight of land, and sail only in pleasant weather, few of them are wrecked. I have sailed in them many hundreds of miles without accident. They are always beached in stormy weather.

But what cargo do they carry? We can easily inspect the whole. The heaviest cargo is hand-sawed lumber, and dried hides. Very few of them carry such bulky cargo, but most are loaded with rice, bananas, oranges, limes (no lemons here), and other small fruits, yams, cocoanuts, jellies and "Panama hats." Some of these are very fine grain and beautifully braided. Some of these are said to have cost a woman's year of labor, but it is easy to believe her work days were not very long. Very few "Panama hats" are made in Panama, and these the coarser kinds; the really fine ones are made in the interior and brought here in these "dug-outs." And all the native commerce of the city is not equal to one Yankee schooner.

As years passed by and the railroad made progress toward the Pacific, foreign commerce greatly increased. A great trade between eastern cities and San Francisco sprang up, steamships and sailing vessels of several nations became common, and war vessels came and went frequently, but all these made this a mere stopping place, and the commerce of Panama continued to be driblets of cocoanuts, bananas and watermelons. The prospective "great commercial city" proved a dream, and he who had gone there to work for seamen found work and hardship in plenty, but not among the seamen and certainly not with the sailors of Panama. He would not have remained there for a year, but for the vague hope that the completion of the railroad would change the whole scene, and make the place a real seaport. But this was not to be. The railroad was built, a wharf was constructed a half mile outside the city, and a great stream of commerce poured through, but Panama had almost nothing to do with it. It might almost as well not have been there. It became at sleeping place for men employed in transportation, but had little more to do with real business than had the fleas and dogs that infested the place. It washed its face and hands, brushed its coat, and consorted with active business men, but as a seat of commerce, it was and is, and is likely to remain, a vision.

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## A LIVE LETTER FOR OUR CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

Saratoga, October 28, 1912.

To Pacific Coast Friends, Greeting: A letter from the esteemed editor of The Pacific asks me for some points from my heart talk at Pacific Grove for the Church Building Society. Alas! my notes have gone into the fire and but part of an hour is at my disposal to reach the mail which will be in time for this week's Pacific. I'd simply love to write well for the dear old society, all whose secretaries I have known from my boyhood until now. Their genial faces shine before me as I write. They were a big-hearted lot. Wide brained, too, and patriotic to the core.

I've touched a trace of big-head—just a trace—in some church officials, but our church builders have had to have their feet on the ground. Thank God, in a very happy ministry I have never cut a collection because the man way up in authority did not see my way. It is a sweet memory—a very sweet one to an old boy-preacher—that the churches he has served have all been loyally led to make up their apportionments. It will be a joy to you young brethren when evening time comes. It seems a long way off but it comes as sure as death and taxes. Loyalty to one's brethren puts a soft pillow under a gray head.

It was a great pleasure to serve Brother Wikoff and the beloved Society. To follow Brother Palmer, the prince of helpers for young people, and the princely doctor Jordan was both a joy and honor. A brighter conference never was on our coast; nor in a sweeter church. Brother Wikoff tells us that very recently sixteen promising centers have realized that pioneer edifices must pass with pioneer conditions. Think of sixteen Mayflowers springing up on our coast and a society with proportionate and generous funds to aid them as judiciously as it did the humble tabernacles of the olden time! Nineteen hundred twelve was the banner year for subscriptions. It put $269,907 into churches and parsonages, $3,953 more than the preceding year. Two churches a week and a parsonage every twelve days. The men who landed at Plymouth Rock never dreamed of it.

**A Hint from Chicago.**

The Chicago office, led by W. W. Newell, has had a unique experience paying debts. Sixteen churches won this great financial victory. Churches scattered from the Canadian border to Southern Kansas and from the Ohio river to central Montana show themselves free from the incubus of debt. Think what this meant to embarrassed trustees and burdened pastors.

That was indeed snappy and successful work which made the faces of the whole Church Building force shine. These debts ranged from $1,300 to $13,000, and totaled $72,350. The beauty of the scheme is its success. There was but one modification of the plan. In a community made up solidly of working people where no man had an income of $1000 a year, they had to plan another year's work to finish it. The debt was $4,200 and the debt had to be cut in two. Two hundred and fifty dollars more than was asked for was given. How the lessened half will melt away in the warmth of a second campaign! This brilliant and beautiful work is going on anew this year. Thirty-two churches with total debts of $100,500 are committed to the work of 1912 and we of this coast shall hear the shouts of deliverance coming over the Rockies and the Sierras from the prairies to the valleys.

**The Panama Celebration.**

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm for a good cause —I cannot enlarge on this. You do this, dear pastors! What would more honor the great Head of the Church than to have the decks of the good ship Zion cleared for action? If you have the will you can make the way. Wisely did Faichild, the sage of Oberlin, declare, "The West likes big things"; and "In the West what does not go with enthusiasm does not go at all." Get ready for the millions coming!

**Have You a Debt on Your Church?**

Look it in the face, dear brother! Lift it up in the face of God! Go and have a talk with John Knox McLean, a very prince of debt raisers! Get Cephas Clapp's wisdom, or W. W. Scudder's, or William Horace Day's, or Herbert A. Jump's. Get your church to vote to spend a week's time, a prayer meeting evening and a Sunday morning considering the matter. "Blessed is he that considereth." Get a few generous and prosperous men outside to give a fair fraction of the debt if the last penny be raised. Good men like to count, to do things through and through. Bright merchants know debt paying puts good money in circulation. Start the fire! Set the ball rolling! Brother Wikoff will say "No" to Eastern entreaty, roll up his sleeves and come to help. Enlist all the kiddies. Grandpas with coin will back the kiddies. Hurrah for a great Coast financial campaign. EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

# Among the Churches.

## CALIFORNIA.

**Petaluma.**—On Oct. 19th the Rev. S. C. Patterson of the North Berkeley Church occupied the pulpit. He was greeted by many friends of his former pastorate. Rev. E. Belden Hart occupied the pulpit of the North Berkeley Church.

**Ocean Beach.**—The Union Congregational Church of Ocean Beach was organized on the 13th of October with seventeen members. This new church is the result largely of the work of the Rev. Dr. W. A. Waterman, formerly of Chicago. Superintendent Larkin of the Southern California Conference aided in the organization. A well attended Sunday-school has been conducted at Ocean Beach about two years.

**Oakland First.**—Wednesday evening of last week the Church voted to adopt the recommendation of the trustees that the support of the Sunday-school, now known as the Church School, be assumed by the church. On this plan the school will give its offerings for the work of the Church and such benevolent objects as it may select. Missionary instruction is already given in the Graded Lessons and this will be supplemented by dramatic presentations of the work of the Kingdom, the idea being to train the young people in systematic giving. As part of this plan the percentage for the division of the church income from weekly pledges was determined upon, 65 per cent for running expenses and 35 per cent for benevolences. The Church School contribution to benevolence will apply on the Apportionment Plan.

**Los Angeles, First.**—Sunday morning, Oct. 27, Dr. Wm. Horace Day preached his first sermon since he left for his vacation, on Sept. 3. After spending three weeks with Mrs. Day at Carmel-by-the-Sea, he started on the long journey to the east. On the way he made short stops at Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia to investigate the work done by certain churches in those cities among the

unprivileged classes. He also spent one day at Amherst College, his beloved Alma Mater. Then he went on to Portland, to attend the meeting of the American Board. On his way home he and Mrs. Day spent several days at the Grand Canon, their first visit since a long one ten years ago. The church was exceedingly glad to welcome him, and when he appeared on the platform the entire audience rose and gave the Chautauqua salute. His few words of greeting showed that he was quite as glad to be with us again.

**Oakland, Pilgrim.**—A reception was given Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Youtz a week ago last Friday evening in the church parlors. It was largely attended by the church and congregation. A choice musical program was given and speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Sanborn, representing the ministers of East Oakland, and by Mr. T. M. Gardiner (Superintendent of the Sunday-school) for the church, and by the pastor, Mr. Youtz. The feeling is most cordial in the church toward its new pastor and his wife, and the outlook for Pilgrim Church is very hopeful.

## FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY AT REDWOOD CITY.

**November 3-4, 1912.**

The fiftieth anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Redwood City will be celebrated on Sunday and Monday, November 3 and 4.

The anniversary sermon will be given by the Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton who was pastor there 1881-1884. In this service which will be on Sunday at 11 a. m. two other former pastors will participate, the Rev. L. D. Rathbone and the Rev. C. C. Kirtland. They will give addresses at the evening service.

Sunday afternoon there will be an historical paper relating to the Sunday-school, by Superintendent Behrens, and greetings and reminiscences. Also an historical paper relating to Christian Endeavor, by Roy W. Cloud, and greetings and reminiscences.

Monday forenoon will be devoted to automobile rides for visitors. Monday afternoon Mrs. L. P. Behrens will give a history of the Missionary Society; and Mrs. Robert Brown a history of the Ladies' Aid Society.

There will be reminiscences and stories of old-time meetings.

Monday evening the anniversary dinner will be given at which time Miss Clara Shelley will read a History of the Church; there will be greetings from former pastors and visitors; and the Rev. C. H. Stevens, who is pastor now, will speak on the words "Fifty Years Forward."

The Redwood City church was organized Nov. 2, 1862. The first building was dedicated May 29, 1864. The church has had pastors as follows: Rev. J. S. Zelie 1862-1863; Rev. G. W. Finney 1863-1865; Rev. W. C. Bartlett 1865-1866; Rev. R. B. Snowden 1867-1869; Rev. H. E. Jewett 1869-1879; Rev. G. H. Smith 1879-1881; Rev. R. H. Sink 1881-1884; Rev. W. H. Pascoe 1884-1887; Rev. L. D. Rathbone 1887-1896; Rev. F. H. Marr 1897-1903; Rev. C. C. Kirtland 1904-1912; Rev. C. H. Stevens 1912—.

## GOOD CHEER SERVICE.

**New Way of Teaching Religious Truth.**

The Myrtle Street Church of Oakland introduces a Good Cheer Service; head of each department gives report of advance during the month. The Sunday-school superintendent reported an increase of 68 per cent for September and October; membership increase 33; both Endeavor societies growing and serving. Then the thought of home was presented in instrumental and vocal music, readings by young people of fitting mottos. The pastor closed the hour with a talk based on "Breaking Home Ties." This plan will be repeated on the last Sunday evening of each month. Lessons from Autumn is the theme for November.

## SAN FRANCISCO CONGREGATIONALISTS, ATTENTION!

The ladies' aid societies of the Mission Congregational Church and the Ocean View Congregational Church, of San Francisco, announce a Union Bazaar to be held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 5, 6 and 7, 1912, in the social rooms of the Mission Church, corner 19th and Dolores streets.

In connection with the above, two entertainments of noteworthy interest will be given in the Mission Church auditorium. Wednesday, November 6, 1912, at 8 p. m., Mrs. Mary Roberts Coolidge, educator, musician, lecturer and author, will sing and lecture on "English Ballads and Old-Time Songs," illustrated with 15 songs. Mrs. Coolidge sings simple, old-fashioned songs so that every word can be understood, and entirely from memory. Her voice is a mezzo-contralto, of wide range, and she has had the best training in Boston and New York in ballad singing. Her singing is sweet, sympathetic, intelligent and moving.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1912, at 8 p. m., Mr. I. H. Morse of San Francisco will lecture on "Algeria—the Land of Mystery and Delight," illustrated with 60 beautiful colored views. Mr. Morse is known as a lecturer of exceptional ability and charm. He has traveled through the countries he describes and illustrates, giving thrilling accounts of scenery, people and events.

Tickets, 25 cents, admitting to both entertainments.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A council for the ordination and recognition of Mr. Ernest E. Youts as pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, has been called to meet Thursday afternoon of next week.

The initiative measure to be voted on next Tuesday in California, which, if adopted, will bring in again the curse of race-track gambling, begins with the delusive words, "An act to prohibit book-making and pool-selling." Voters should be on their guard.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be by the Rev. J. B. Orr on "The Ministry of Healing in the Church." On the 11th of November Professor Buckham will speak on "The Creed of Shakespeare."

At the Congregational conference at Pacific Grove the sum of $286 was pledged to aid in the work of the Christian Associations in the University of California. It was by churches and individuals as follows: First of Oakland $50; North of Berkeley $25; Campbell $5; First of San Jose $25; Chinese of San Francisco $5; Sunset $10; Bethany $25; Plymouth of Oakland $25; H. M. Tenney $5; B. St. John $1; Ladies' Aid, Pacific Grove, $5; Ladies' Aid, Santa Cruz, $10; Woodland $5; Myrtle Street of Oakland $5; Santa Rosa $5; Niles $5.

## WASHINGTON.

### A Letter of Acceptance.

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of the Windsor Avenue Congregational Church of Hartford, Connecticut, says in a recent letter to Pilgrim Church, Seattle:

"You have honored me greatly by your hearty and unanimous call to a position which I would not have dared assign myself. In choosing me thus, before seeing or hearing, you paid me a splendid compliment, which makes me almost afraid of our first meeting together as minister and people. Since my brief cable of acceptance left many things unsaid, permit me to say them now.

"The decisive considerations which led me to accept the call of Pilgrim Church were these: First, a native, lively sympathy for the westmost West, with its large and friendly air, its fine morning which guarantees a great day. Second, a human desire to draw nearer in residence to the old homes of Mrs. Brown and myself. Third, a partial but earnest appreciation of Pilgrim's attractiveness—both as force and field—which for masculine vigor, missionary zeal, appropriate plant and active adventurous mood seems to stand among "the sifted few." It is because I have come to believe so strongly in Pilgrim, its present and its future, its city and its state, its task and its temper, that I am ready to relinquish an unfinished work and a nobly congenial post of service to answer with my eager best your call. And while I am sure that I am not indispensable to Pilgrim's future, still I have a bold trust that there is something more than a mere combination of circumstances which draws me to its ministry. I cannot feel that either call or response is without sanction from above. If there be such Divine guidance in the matter, then neither side need have fear as to the consequences. I do not and will not hope to take the place in your hearts which Dr. Smith now holds. My eager hope is that after many days of faithful fellowship in service I may make a place all my own. And my supreme longing is that I may come to be known among you as a clean, kind man, close to the Most High, for that is my utter ideal of the Christian Ministry."

## OREGON LETTER.

### By George H. Himes..

As the last State Conference of Congregational Churches of Oregon defined its attitude towards numerous phases of the work carried on by some of the National Congregational Societies, as well as some of the moral questions of the day, by the passage of a series of resolutions, it seemed to your correspondent that those resolutions ought to be submitted for publication, as follows:

Whereas, The Anti-Saloon League is recognized as a non-partisan effort to drive out of our country the curse of the liquor traffic; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we desire to express our approbation of the work of the Anti-Saloon League, and to commend its representative, Mr. H. L. Sheldon, to the sympathetic co-operation of our churches and communities.

Whereas, The failure to properly observe the Sabbath day is causing a loss in attendance upon the services of the church and contributing to an indifference with regard to spiritual growth; therefore be it

Resolved, That we urge upon our churches the importance of a continuous effort to create a feeling of loyalty to the Lord's day as a day of worship and rest.

Whereas, The Board of Directors of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society having taken action regarding their co-operation with the State Conferences by passing the following resolution September 20th:

"Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society gladly recognize the tendency for strengthening and carrying forward our Congregational work in the local communities and the world-wide field; and,

"Whereas, The Society makes earnest request that a State Conference Committee be appointed and properly organized for the fullest co-operation with the Sunday School Society in extension and improvement of Sunday School and religious education in Oregon;" therefore, be it

Resolved, That we recommend that our Sunday School Committee be so constituted as to be able to work in harmony with the desire of the National Society, and that any needed authority be given them by this Conference.

Resolved, That after reviewing the report of the Commission of Nineteen on Polity, we commend the effort to bring the churches and the Missionary Societies into closer relations, and that we believe that the National Council can be made the intermediary for such an effort. But the plan here outlined seems to us to complicate rather than to simplify the situation. We commend such a regrouping of the Societies as shall both conserve their present incomes from the churches and individuals and put the same kind of work under the same management so far as it can be done without impairing the service to any portion of the field.

We also recommend that the appointment of corporate members of the Societies be after a method that shall connect them more closely with the District and State organizations of the churches, rather than by a centralized committee on nominations. We believe that the sessions of the Council should be kept free from the encroachments of administrative functions properly belonging to our Societies, in order that the sessions of the Council may remain a public forum for the inspiring and illuminating discussions of the problems that confront the church life of America and of the world.

Furthermore, we see no especial need for the extension of the duties of the Secretary above those of the Moderator, and believe that, so far as possible, the paid officers of the denomination at large be limited to those required by our missionary societies. We would further record our conviction that we recognize with gratitude the present efficiency, economy and consecration of our several missionary boards, and believe them to be in closer relation to the churches which support them.

We believe that a new constitution should not only recognize our invaluable heritage of independence and spiritual fellowship in its preamble, but should develop that polity along only democratic lines, and, so far as possible, bring the responsibility for missionary work in this country back to churches near which such work needs to be done.

The thirty-ninth annual National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States convened in this city last Monday morning and continued in session until Friday evening. The pulpits of the principal churches of the city were supplied by members of the Union last Sunday. Mrs. Deborah K. Livingston, of Rhode

Island, supplied the First Congregational Church in the evening. This lady is a decidedly interesting and persuasive speaker. A large proportion of the states of the Union were represented and the programmes each day covered a wide range of subjects connected with temperance work. The attendance was too large to be accommodated in any one church, hence plans were perfected early in the session for sectional meetings to be held in a number of churches.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: Mrs. Lillian N. Stevens, Portland, Maine, President (re-elected); Miss Anna A. Gordon, Evanston, Ill. (re-elected), Vice-President at large; Mrs. Frances P. Parks, Evanston, Ill., Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Anderson, Valley City, North Dakota, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Sara H. Hoge, Lincoln, Neb., Assistant Recording Secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth P. Hutchinson, Evanston, Ill., Treasurer.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D., the widely known Congregational minister of Topeka, Kansas, was present at the W. C. T. U. Convention and made an address. He spoke upon "Woman Suffrage" on last Wednesday evening.

Last Tuesday was the seventy-eighth birthday of Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, an ardent woman suffragist. It is not too much to say, and it is believed to be within the truth, that she is the mother of the woman suffrage movement on the Pacific Coast. Your correspondent has known this lady for over forty years, and she has been a pronounced advocate of the rights of women before the law all that time. A birthday party, composed of from 1500 to 2000 of her friends, assembled in the evening at the "Gipsy Smith" auditorium and extended most cordial greetings.

A highly important act of the past week has been the assembling in this city of forty earnest Christian women from the principal cities of the Pacific coast and holding a three days' convention for the discussion of the best method of protection of girls. Out of the necessities of the case, as brought out in the discussions, has grown a permanent organization, the first of the kind in the United States, the officers of which are as follows: Mrs. Lola G. Baldwin, of the Portland Police Department, President; Mrs. Winnifred Covell, Tacoma, Vice-President; Mrs. Robert Johnston, North Yakima, Secretary. The organization has not been given a permanent name as yet, but until the meeting appointed for Seattle in July, 1913, is held it will be called "The Pacific Northwest Association of Women Engaged in Police Work and Girl Protection."

Mr. John M. Moore, of New York City, head of the Railway Work of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States, made an address before the Board of Directors and Committees of the Portland Y. M. C. A. last Friday noon. Mr. Moore is an inspiring speaker.

Portland, October 27, 1912.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Congregational Ministers Relief Society of California will be held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Monday November 4, 1912, at 12:15 o'clock p. m., for the election of directors and the completion of business.

WALTER FREAR, Secretary.

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It is good to give thanks part of the time and to live thanks the rest of the time.

# The Home.

### THE LEAVES GIVE THANKS.

All the cheerful little leaves
  Were lying mute and slain,
Their tender summer faces
  Marred with age and pain.
Through the threadbare forest
  Strode the wind and rain.

I wept because the sky was gray,
  Because the leaves were dead,
Because the winter came so fast,
  And summer's sweet was sped;
And because I, too, was mortal—
  "All flesh is grass," I said.

But while I was lamenting
  The woods began to sing,
The voice of all dead leaves came up
As when they sang in Spring;
"Praise God," they sang, "for Winter
  And stormy harvesting:

"Praise God, who uses old things
  To serve the new things' need
And turns us into earth again
  That next year's roots may feed;
Roots but for us and our decay
Would shrivel in the seed.

"To the thousand thousand summers
  Our summer has been thrust,
But the snow is very gentle
  Above its rags and rust.
Lie down, lie down, oh, brothers,
  With the thousand summers' dust."

—Georgia Wood Pangborn

### LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE!

The girl had been married five or six years, and in the main was happy and still "the Girl." Her intelligence and charm, together with her husband's sincerity and kindness, had made for the couple a circle of friends and acquaintances that included many of the "best" people in town, which, of course, is too often taken to mean merely the people of wealth and highest social position. The only flaw in the Girl's happiness was the modest size of her husband's income.

Today she has been one of the guests at a little reception. "The Davises are charming people," she remarked that night at dinner. "I wish we could see more of them."

"Well, I don't know why we can't," her husband answered, cheerfully. "Joe Davis was a close friend of mine in our school days. We'll have them down here."

"I don't know what they would think of our house after their elegant place," the Girl replied, doubtfully. "Everything about their home is so beautiful—so nice!"

"Why should we care what they think?"

"But don't you care?"

"Not in the least. This is our home; not any one's else's. It is in keeping with our circumstances, and there-

fore it is honest, and represents us. My income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Joe Davis' is eight or ten thousand. Joe likes and respects me now—at least, I believe he does; but would he continue to if I tried to cheat people into thinking we were richer than we are?

"You are not getting the happiness out of life that you should, my dear. There is too much 'Wait till we get the new dining room furniture,' or 'Yes, as soon as the floors are done over,' or 'Well, after my new dress is finished.' Aren't we cheapening our friends by assuming that they care more for these material things than for us? If not, aren't we cheapening ourselves by continuing to call them friends?

"The Davises' house it better than ours, but the Mortons' is just as much ahead of the Davises,' and I know Morton quite as well as I know Davis. If we try the Davis standard of living now, can we avoid the Morton standard by and by?

There is too much of this in our American life. I want to keep clear of it. Let us live our own lives, honestly and openly, enjoying the things we can afford and the friends who like us for what we are, and letting the others go their way."

The Girl thought at the time that the lecture was somewhat severe, but she could find no flaw in the argument, nor has she found any since.—The Youth's Companion.

### ENJOYING LIFE AS ONE LIVES IT.

It is sometimes hard to tell where contentment leaves off and indolence begins; but it is quite true that, in this ambitious, struggling American life of ours a great deal of happiness is spoiled by forgetting to appreciate the blessings we have in our eager desire for more. Many people are straining their eyes into the future so much that they quite overlook the present.

But if one can only realize the beauties and comforts of each day as it passes and give a few moments to reminiscence over past pleasures, without, of course, sacrificing one's ambitions for the future, he will quite surely find his life sweeter and richer, says The Independent.

To be a little less vague, a man should form a habit of enjoying his life as he lives it. He may hope to be more prosperous, to have larger business or a better position next year, but he should not let that hope interfere with his appreciating the position he has won for himself this year.

Next year he will have one less year of life to live than he has this year, and what he gains in success he loses in youth. Each year he pays a mighty price for what he gains —a year of his life—one sixtieth or eightieth of his life span at the least, and quite possibly a much larger fraction. In spending this precious thing he should follow the business axiom of trying to attain the maximum of returns for the price paid.

So, when a man works, let him work to the best of his ability, and he cannot work to the best of his ability if his work one day exhausts him so that he cannot work with all his vigor and enthusiasm the next day. And work, after all, is only one of the important elements in his life. He should cultivate the power to play, to make and keep friends, and to be a bright and attractive element in his family. If he has young children, he should consider daily engagements to play with them quite as important as a business engagement. Their years are passing, too, and he should not lose too much time of their beautiful childhood.

His boy has a right to expect a daily game of ball or marbles or a half hour of reading aloud with his father, just as his little girl should find in him a sympathetic playfellow in her doll house. The dear, delightful occupations and interests of children are second in importance to nothing; and the father or mother who is too busy to enter enthusiastically into this charming realm is not only neglecting an important duty, but is missing the sweetest pleasures which life has to offer.

It is well to build for the future, but while one is building one should have warmth and shelter and a home fireside now, and have a mental attitude that allows a full enjoyment of that fireside. Your neighbor may have more servants and a larger house and income than you, but is he really richer? His servants mean more vexatious domestic problems and his wealth is quite powerless to purchase him more happiness than you can acquire. Emerson says, though you travel the world over to find the beautiful, unless you take it with you, you will find it not. One gets the best out of life by his mental and spiritual attitude toward life. Too much ambition brings restlessness and discontent; too little brings incapacity for true enjoyment. A man with the proper poise makes work the means and not the end, and finds time to enjoy and profit by the good things that are close at his hand every day. The man who is so absorbed in his business that he has only a vague absent-mnided interest in things beyond his office door gets really very little out of life.

The man who thinks he must have an elaborate home, elaborate food and elaborate entertainments in order to be comfortable is feeding the body and starving the soul. True culture is not found in fashions, but in a sympathetic appreciation of beautiful things; and if a man finds delight in the view of a daisywhite meadow, a violet-tinged glen, in poetry and art and music, and in the play and prattle of children, or a stimulating conversation, he has riches which a millionaire cannot buy.

In other words, if a man will only pause for a little space every day upon the breeze swept hilltop of the present and look about him at the view and find it pleasant, breathing in the sweetness and sunshine of life, he will then find that the path to contentment, flower-bordered and inviting, lies close at his feet, luring him to follow it.

## For Our Young People.

### WHY THE WILLOW WEPT.

Five lovely willow trees stood on the banks of a silver stream. Their branches swayed to and fro, and every now and then a leaf fell into the water, to be borne away with the tide, and so lost forever. Not one, but many leaves fell, and as they left the tree it shook its branches mournfully, as if to say, "Come back to me, little leaf. I am cold and desolate without you."

By and by a golden-haired child came running along the bank, and she, too, noticed the falling leaves.

"Why do you fall like that, willow leaf?" she said, as one slipped into the stream.

The wind stirred the branches of the highest willow, and the little girl suddenly gazed upward and said, "Did you speak to me, Mr. Willow Tree?"

"Yes, I did," an unseen voice replied.

Being very curious, I stopped to listen.

"You are wondering why my leaves keep falling into the stream," the willow-voice said. "Listen, and you shall hear the story of the willow.

"Long, long ago our branches did not break and our leaves looked up to catch the kiss of the sun and the song of the wind. We held many revels among ourselves, and the only enemies we had were the lovers, who were very stupid people. They carved hearts and cut initials in our trunks, which made some of us cross, I can tell you. But they were happy while they were doing it, and that was some consolation.

'We were friends with all the Fairyland dwellers, and often a weary fairy would stop to rest on our branches as she flew homeward. We never minded them playing and holding revels at night in our branches, even though it sometimes disturbed our rest, for we knew their power and dared not offend them.

"Then one day we decided to hold a grand party in honor of a brother oak, who had reached the splendid old age of one hundred. Everybody was invited, the elm, the silver birch, the ash, the fir, the chestnut, the beech, and it was decided that we should wait until our new spring dresses arrived, and then hold it in the middle of the forest.

"But as we were putting on our pretty garments a fairy, whose home was in the heart of a water lily, got into difficulties.Her home was broken up by a cruel mortal who had plucked it from its roots, and in doing so had hurt the fairy's wing.

"She cried to us for shelter, but we were unkind to her, and replied that we were busy dressing for a most important function and could not attend to her at the moment.

"Swift and sure came our fate for refusing to help anybody in distress. The Fairy Queen took away our beautiful green dresses, and punished us by making our branches bend toward the water, and every time a fairy is sad or unhappy a leaf falls and we never see it again.

"Of course you know it is only a little Earth Child who can make a fairy either sad or unhappy, by being disagreeable and naughty, and oh we do wish that they would always be good, for then our leaves would cease to fall!"

As the willow finished the little goldenhaired girl said thoughtfully, "I'll try to let you keep one leaf more, by being always good."

"Thank you," said the willow tree, "I wish they would all say that."

But even as he spoke another leaf fell, and as I came away I heard him sigh, "Oh, those children!"—Margaret Gibbons.

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## THE THREE HAPPY PUMPKINS.

The three pumpkins grew on three neighboring vines, and from the day they came into the world blowing their golden blossom trumpets, each of them fairly beamed with happiness and self-satisfaction. They liked the rich soil into which their roots ran deep; they liked the sun and the rain; they liked the hoeing and the tending the farmer gave them, and they grew and grew.

While the first was yet green, Dick came along with his jackknife and scratched two words on the rind; "Dozyville Fair."

"Oh, thought the pumpkin, "what a great end I am born for!"

Neither sun nor wind nor rain could remove those magic words. They grew as the pumpkins grew, and finally they stood out in rough, gray-green lines on a broad yellow background; for the pumpkin had grown as big and round and golden as the harvest moon that shone down upon him at night.

To the Dozyville Fair went the pumpkin. He hobnobbed with monstrous beets, curly-leaved cabbages, pink celery, giant corn, and a wonderful rutabaga pig with wooden legs and black shoe-button eyes.

Finally a blue first-prize card was pinned to the fortunate pumpkin's back, and everybody that came along stopped, looked, wondered, and said: "My! what a big, fine pumpkin!"

And so the first pumpkin was very, very happy, too, because he thought the very best thing that a pumpkin could be was a premium pumpkin.

The second pumpkin grew even bigger than the first, but he was not round and golden like the harvest moon. In fact, he was rather long and green.

It was at twilight that Teddy stole into the field, and with his sharp jackknife and practiced hand gave him eyes and a nose and a mouth that seemed about to burst into a tremendous shout. His seeds were neatly scooped out through a hole in his back and a candle set to light up his empty interior. In short, he became a Jack-o'-lantern—the very next thing to a boy.

Teddy looked at Jack and giggled. Then he started off and made the round of the houses where his playmates lived, and at every one Jack bobbed up impishly at a window. Sometimes the little girls and the little boys were scared of the flaming face at first, but always the next minute they ran to the door shouting and gave chase. It was great fun for Teddy, for he did not get caught once.

And so the second pumpkin was very, very happy, because he thought the very best thing that a pumpkin could be was a Jack-o'-lantern.

And what was left for the third pumpkin? Well, this great yellow pumpkin belonged to Dolly, and grandmother made it into pie. It was a wonderful pie. It was deep and spicy and rich, with a melting crust and a sugary golden-brown top. It was big enough to cut a piece for two great-grand children, nine grandchildren, and five children, as well as for grandfather and grandmother themselves; for it was baked in a great, bright, square iron dripping-pan. Dolly and Teddy and Dick, and all the great-grandchildren and grandchildren and children, and grandfather, too, declared that it was the best pie grandmother ever made. And grandmother laughed, she was so pleased.

And so the third pumpkin was very, very happy, too, because he thought the very best thing that a pumpkin could be was a pumpkin pie.—Dora Reed Goodale, in "Little Folks."

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Satisfaction can come only through the consecration of all the powers to God for love's service. Deeper amid the laws of our immortal being than any of us can ever know in this world lies the **must** of service.—J. R. Miller.

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### A SWEET VOICE.

"O, father, I wish I could sing! It is so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club today, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing. But don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening," answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh; and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you.' Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary: 'I'm sorry your head aches. I'll do the dishes tonight.' That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice."—Herald and Presbyter.

### A DOUBLE REBUKE.

"Is she a Christian?" asked a celebrated missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party.

"Yes, I think she is," was the reply.

"Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't?"

The rebuke was felt, and the fault-finder instantly withdrew. Some days later the same party was speaking to the missionary in a similar spirit about another person. The same question was put:

"Is he a Christian?"

In a half-triumphant tone, as if the speaker were beyond the reach of gunshot this time, it was answered:

"I doubt if he truly is."

"Oh, then," rejoined the missionary, "I think that you and I should feel such tender pity for his soul as to make any harsher feeling about him quite impossible."—Family Treasury.

### STRENGTH OF SPIDER'S WEB.

The strength of the spider and of the materials it employs is something almost incomprehensible, when the size of the insect and the thickness of his thread are taken into account, says the New York Press. Recent experiments have shown that a single thread of a web made by a spider supported endwise a weight seventy-four times the weight of the spider itself.

When, therefore, a spider spins a web to let himself down from the ceiling, or from the branch of a tree, and we see him descending without perceiving his thread at all, we may be perfectly sure that he is not only in no danger of falling, but that he could carry seventy-three other spiders down with him on his invisible rope. Knowing this fact with reference to a single thread, we need not be surprised that the threads of a web, interwoven and reinforced one by another, have a very considerable strength, and are able to hold bees and wasps, themselves very powerful in proportion to their size, and to bend without breaking under a weight of dew or rain.—Selected.


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